POEMS
UPON
SEVERAL
OCCASIONS.

By S. P. Gent.

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UMI

A PANEGYRICK TO HIS EXCELLENCY General MONCK

March 28. 1660.

NOW almoſt twenty years have roul'd about
Since firſt the flames of our late Wars broke out;
And *Brittain* fainting with the loſſe of blood
Under a lawleſſe Yoke ſubjected ſtood,
When now at laſt her groanes by Heav'n are heard
Her fainting *Soul* and dying *Hopes* uprear'd;
Her ſable night of ſorrow done away
By the new dawning of a *Royall* day.
As from the *North* her firſt diſtemper grew,
Thence flowes the *Soveraign Med'cine* to renew
Her joyes again: She hopes ſecure to ſtand
Upheld by her brave *Generall's* Warlike hand.
Over the *Britiſh* Seas flyes his great Name
Born on the ſwift wings of no common fame,
Our Enemies tremble, and our friends are glad,
To theſe 'tis joyfull newes, to thoſe 'tis ſad
The mighty ſhouts, and the *Stentorian* voice
Of the glad multitude that now rejoyce

Awak's the drowſie *Genius* of this I'le,
Who wept ſo long or'e *Charles's* Funerall pyle
Till his ſwolne eyes with a *Lethargick* ſleep
Were ſeal'd up, having no more tears to weep.
He underſtands the cauſe of *Englands* joy
And leaſt *Ambition* ſhould their hopes deſtroy
He boldly doth his mind to *Monck* expreſſe
And ſhewes how he may *Brittains ills* redreſſe.

The Genius Speech.

GReat man by blood, by vertue greater made,
Whoſe preſence Baniſhes the gloomy ſhade
Of *Brittaines* night; the faire *Aurora* too
The Royall *Phœbus* uſhered in by you:
Thy Sword has cut our Chaines of ſlavery
Thy hands the *Gordian* knots of Tyranny
Unty'd; thy ſtrenuous Arms unhing'd our Gates
To ſhew thy ſtrength, the greateſt pride abates,
To ſhew what thou couldſt do, that we thereby
Might on thy more than *Samſon's* ſtrength rely:
But what thou didſt was at anothers frown,
Thou hung'ſt them up, that kindneſſe was thy owne.
Great *Hercules* of our Ile at laſt thou'ſt ſlaine
That Hydra never more to riſe again,
Though often cruſh'd, that Monſtrous *Taile*, (which bit
Her own head off) did reſurrection git,
But now ſhe's dead, and never more ſhall riſe,
Tryumphs, not teares attend her Obſequies.
And now but one ſtep more and thy great name
Regiſter'd ſtand ſhall in the Book of Fame
In ſo great *Characters* the world may read

Thy

Thy matchleſſe ſtory when that thou art dead:
The World too little for thy fame ſhall be
And Princes honour ſhall thy name and thee.
See then great *Generall*, *Brittaines Genius* now
Before thee ſtands, and willing is to owe
A happyneſſe to thee, wherein thou may'ſt
Raiſe honour to thy ſelfe; if thou delay'ſt,
Time and *neceſſity* will thee prevent
And ſpoyle the luſtre of thy great intent.
Now drooping *Brittain* raiſes up her head,
Inſpir'd by thee ſhe ariſes from the dead,
Her War-made breaches now are cur'd again,
And joyes and eaſe ſucceed her griefe and pain,
Her ſportleſſe Virgin Chores begin to ſing
Iō Pæans in honour to their King:
Faile not her now-bigg hopes but be content
To raiſe an everlaſting *Monument*
To thee and thy poſtefity; that bayes
May Crown thy Brows and Ages ſpeake thy praiſe.
Thou ſee'ſt our wants, and what it is wee'd have
It is a King of *Charles's* race we crave;
Since all the people in one voyce agree,
God's *Oracle*, 'tis God that asks it thee,
Who having ſcourg'd poor Brittain for her ſin,
Returns her *Baulme* to cure her wounds agin.
We 'ave try'd, and too too long, a *Commonwealth*,
Such as it was, a Bane to *Englands* Health,
Where fifty *Tyrants* with one mouth agree,
To eat up *Law*, *Religion*, *Liberty*.
Monſters that Kings and Biſhops Lands devour,
Kept by extorted ſums the Nation poor;
Philoſophers that changed all to gold,
And let goe nothing that their gripes could hold;
Yet theſe were they that needs would ſtiled be

The

The Keepers of our *England's* Libertie;
But by thy power great *Monck* wee'r freed again,
And *George* moſt bravely has the *Dragon* ſlain.
Ambitious *Cromwell* put the purple on,
And having ſlain the Father, rob'd the Son
Of right and title, to a royall Crown,
To ſet himſelf up, pul'd another down,
And what he got by rapine, he made good,
Though by Religion cloak'd, by force and blood,
All what our *Heroes* once contended for,
With the ſad tempeſt of a civill War
Himſelfe uſurp'd; and gloryed in his pride
To have with peace what was to Kings deny'd;
But yet you ſee the *Nation* ſcourg'd, that God
Renews his mercy and has burn'd his rod,
And *Cromwell's* name grows odious every where,
Which was obey'd not out of *Love*, but *feare*.
Let his example your ambition curb,
Doe not our growing *happineſſe* diſturb,
By mounting of a *Throne* is none of yours,
For be aſſured that the ſacred powers,
Will blaſt the firſt fruits of thy tyranny,
Fraud muſt preſerve what's got by policy.
And now our people us'd to ſubtleties,
To be deceiv'd by crafts are grown too wiſe,
So that the faces deny thy Regiment,
And people to obey no more are bent,
Till he ariſes in the Britiſh ſpheare,
Whom all deſire the royall Crown to wear.
Thou ſeeſt our griefs and knowſt the wayes to cure,
Our *Maladies*, thy *Faith* we knows too pure
For to be tempted to betray our hopes,
Who doubts thy *loyalty*, to *treaſon* opes
A way; no though tho ſay'ſt thou'lt us deceive,

Such

Such is our confidence wee'l not believe,
Since one ſo good and great as *Monck* muſt be,
The onely Man can give us liberty.
Brittain in ſackcloth has mourn'd long enough,
'Tis time to lay aſide the *Sword* and *Buff*,
'Tis time to pull thoſe *Puny Nobles* down,
Who ſpeak againſt, and yet affect a Crown,
That thoſe by blood and vertue truly great,
May be inſtalled in their *long-left* ſeat
Theſe ſhining in their *ermin* gallantry,
Beget a *reverence* due to *Majeſty*.
Now I have done, and you have this to doe,
To bring him in for whom the Nations ſue,
Great *Charls*, who more then by ſev'n twelve months try'd,
And in afflictions Furnace purifi'd,
Muſt come forth brighter then try'd gold, more bright
Then luſtrous *Sol* after a darkſome night;
Whoſe brighter beames of *Love* ſhall raiſe the ſlain,
And make our *Halcyon* dayes to live again;
England ſhall bleſſe thy name when this is done,
And ſtile the *Phoſphor* to the riſing Sun,
To thee ſhall *Brittain* pay her *annuall* vowes,
Whilſt *Ducall* diadems crown thy Princely brows.

A PANEGYRICK ON HIS MAJESTIES Entrance Into LONDON.

THE Heaven's great *Star* since He saluted *Earth*
With his diurnal Light, ne'r yet gave Birth
To such a joyfull *Day*, as that wherein
Charles to his native *England* came ag'in.
His loyall Subjects Hearts grown big with joy
The best expressions of their Love imploy,
To give a cherefull welcome to their *King*,
From whose arivall all our blessings Spring,
Whilst *Foes*, and *Traytors* to his royall Sire,
Grown mad through Envie, in their rage expire.
Now *Phœbus* ushers in the happy day,
Which for posterity recorded may
In golden letters ever stand; and bee
A festival for regain'd libertie;
And gilding all the Heavens with his Rayes,
Dispenses smiles, Serenity displayes.
Revived Subjects throng to see their prize,
Joy sparkles in their faces, and their eyes:
Their tongues, and hands with powerfull Eccohs sound

And

And joyfull ſhouts againſt the heavens rebound.
The Aire is fill'd on every ſide with noyſe;
The voyce of Warr, and death now ſpeaks their joyes.
The Bells have tongues, which ſound our Joys aloud,
And ſay that *Charles* is come: the Drums are proud
To ſpeak his march. The ſilver Trumpets ſay
Charles o're three Kingdoms doth tryumph to day:
Which conqueſt got by vertues has more charms
To hold a laſting peace, than that by Armes.
London in all its gallantry doth ſhine,
Conduits convert their water into wine.
Adorn'd the female beauties of the Land
To ſee their *Soveraign* in Ballconies ſtand,
The braveſt Heroes of the *Britiſh* Iſle
Uſher our *Cæſar* through the ſtreets the while;
Whoſe ſacred face with beams of Majeſty
Surrounded, far out-vies the bravery
Of his adornments: and the luſtrous fire
Of's eyes diſmays thoſe who deny'd his fire
And him to reign; now they their folly ſee
Converted by one look of Majeſty.
Ten thouſand Hearts and knees doe humbly bow,
As he goes by; each heart a ſolemne vow
Prepares, of praiſe, and of obedience too,
For long and happy dayes to Heav'en they ſue.
Long live great *Charles*, and may his ſacred Name,
Swell to that worth, not to be ſpoke by Fame,
May *Neſtors* years his Happy reign attend!
May heav'ns his breſt with *Solomons* choyce befriend!
The people cry. Loud ſhouts conclude the day,
Phœbus to th' other world haſts to diſplay
The joyfull news: *Night* now would take her turn,
But flaming fires in every Corner burne,
Which Night to Day change: *Phœbus* place ſupply,

And

And make a Day without the Heav'n's great eye.
'Tis true whilſt *Charles* poſſeſſes his own right,
That loyall *Brittains* can expect no night.
Our regall Sun, ſince *Charles* the firſt was ſlain,
Ecclips'd has been, but now ſhines bright again.
By Heav'n enthron'd thus, in his peoples hearts,
He ſhall withſtand all *Machivilian* Arts:
Laurells of peace about his brows ſhall ſpread,
And three great *Crowns* ſurround his royall Head.

Ita Precatur S. P.

SOME

SOME TEARS

Dropt o're the Herſe

OF THE

INCOMPARABLE PRINCE

HENRY

DUKE OF

GLOUCESTER.

FAtal *September* to the Royal Line,
Has ſnatch'd one Heröe of our hopefull *Trine*
From Earth; 'tis ſtrange Heav n ſhould not præ-(declare
A loſs ſo grievous by ſome *blazing Star*,
Which might our Senſes overjoy'd, alarm,
And time give to prepare for ſo great Harm.
The Spring-tide of our Joy was newly Flood,
Paying our Thankful Vows for ſo much good
VVe gather now, under a gracious KING;
Inſpired *Bards* began ſtrong Lays to Sing,

VVhen

VVhen (oh ſad Fate!) Ebb'd are our Flowing Seas,
And *Epiques* chang'd to Doleful *Elegies*.
Cruel Extremes! thus robb'd of Joyes the chief,
Thrown down like Light'ning into Seas of Grief.
'Tis paſt the reach of Mortals to divine,
VVhy Heav'n ſo ſoon has broke our *Threefold Line*;
VVe may not pry without a black offence
Into th' *Arcana's* of his Providence,
But may believe, ſince with a Bounteous Hand
God has reſtor'd the Bleſſings of this Land,
That he has flung us into Griefs extreme,
Not out of VVrath to Us, but Love to Him.
He was Fair Fruit ſprung from a Royal Bud,
And grown as great by fair Renown as Blood;
Ripe too too ſoon; for in a Youth ſo green
An Harveſt was of gray-hair'd VViſdome ſeen.
Minerva's Darling, Patron of the Gown,
Lover of Learning, and *Apollo's* Crown
He was; the Muſes he began to nouriſh,
Learn'd Men and Arts under his wings did flouriſh;
But leſt we ſhould commit Idolatry,
Heav'n took him from our Sight, not Memory;
For though he's carried to th Immortal Sphere,
Our Loves will make his Fame Immortal here.
'Tis Autumn now: and *Ceres* to our hands
Has pour'd the Annual Bleſſings of our Lands;
VVe'ave robb'd the teeming Trees of all their fruit,
And left them naked till the Spring recruit
Their ſtore again; till then they hang their head,
And ſtand like *Mourners*, *leaves* for *tears* they ſhed;
So the high powers cropt from the Royal Stem,
VVhat was too good for us, and fit for them,
VVhileſt we lament, till a new Spring ariſe,
And CHARLES his *Firſt-born* clear our weeping eyes.

A general Sadneſs locks up every Tongue,
Amazedneſs hath ſtruck the *Laureats* dumb : (bears,
And who would weep, through too much Grief for-
Exceſs of Grief gives yet no vent for Tears,
But when the coming Springs begin to riſe,
Grief then will draw a deluge from our Eyes ;
Till then theſe Loyal Drops fall'n into Verſe,
Shall wath the Cypreſs on his Royal Herſe.

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

His Miſtreſs.

AS *Phœbus* doth excell the Moons dim light,
Or as the Moon excells the dulleſt Star,
Her Beauty, and Complexion in my ſight
Excells all others I have ſeen, ſo far:
Her Sun-like beams of beauty ſhine ſo bright,
That others in her ſight Eclipſed are
The faireſt faces are but foiles, each one
Weares but a borrow'd luſtre from her Sun.

Her Shape in Wax it were moſt hard to frame,
Nor Painters to expreſſe their rareſt Skill
Could ever counterfeit ſo neer the ſame,
But blemiſh their's her better Beauty will;
Though *Venus* who for Beauty had the Name
Compare with her ſhould, ſhe'd be faireſt ſtill;
Paris gave her the Ball as beauties Queen,
But ſhe had miſt it had he mine but Seen.

Her Aubourn Hair in Criſped Curles doe dangle
Upon her Ivory ſhoulders, where it ſpreads
Sly nets, where Hearts themſelves doe ſoon intangle,

And

And captive lye, enchain'd by thoſe bright threads,
Spreading ſoft chaines, and ſnares in every angle,
It takes all Hearts, whoſe eye thoſe mazes treads:
Hearts here inpriſon'd (never can get out)
Thoſe ſoft Meandres wander muſt about.

Her Ivory-polliſh'd Front with ſeemly cheere,
Grac'd at the bottom with a double bow,
Where all the Graces in their Throne appeare,
Where Love, and awfull Majeſty doe grow,
Expands it ſelf, and ſhews a feild more clear,
Than Candid Lillys, or the virgin ſnow;
Her Eyes like Suns ſhoot rayes more ſharp than Darts,
Which wound all Flinty, Love-deſpiſing Hearts.

Thoſe twinkling Stars, thoſe ſparkling Diamond ſtones,
Thoſe glorious Suns, where dwells the Eaſtern Light,
Peirce with the vigor of their Charmes the bones
Of daring Him, who gains of them a ſight;
Beholding Kills, yet he their loſſe bemones,
And 'd rather dye, than they ſhut live in Night.
Her Noſe a comly Prominence, doth part
Her Cheeks, the mirrour of Dame Natures Art.

Her cheeks are damask Roſes blown in June,
Being equally with Virgin Lillies mix't;
Or ſnowy milk with bluſhing Strawb'ries ſtrewn,
Where equall ſtrife the red, and white's betwixt;
Or pure vermillion on white Sattin ſhewn,
By Painters rareſt Skill, and pencil fix't:
Thoſe cheeks no Colours liveleſt dye can paint,
Scarlet, and ſnow ſeem to their true ones faint.

Her lipps are ſnips of Scarlet, *Juliflowers*,

Spread

Spread with the tincture of *Vermilion* hew,
Bleſſ'd in Self-kiſſes; paſt our humane powers
To touch; ſo high a bliſs what Mortal knew?
Between thoſe rubie Gates ſlide ſpicy ſhowers,
Which, thoſe ſlain by her eyes, with life imbue:
Angellick ſounds, and charming ſmiles, ſo nice,
Thence flow which make her preſence Paradice.

Within the portal of her Mouth's lock'd faſt,
(Which when ſhe ſings ſhe is enforc'd to ſhow)
The *Orient's* Treaſure in due order plac'd,
Of more than precious pearles a double row;
Which ſtand in Sea-born Coral borders chac'd,
Like Crimſon Sattin purl'd with ſilver ſnow.
Her ſmooth, and dimpled Chin doth under lye,
Where envies ſelf cannot a fault eſpie.

Her Neck's a graceiull Tower of ſpotleſſe ſnow,
An Alablaſter prop to that fair head,
Where Witt, Arts, Wiſdome in perfection grow,
Its *Baſis* where are beauties alſo ſpread;
For azure ſtreams through milky feilds do flow,
Where blew, with white like Heav'n is married:
Her Breaſts like lilly'd Globes, or Mounts appear,
VVhoſe ſummetts Crown'd with Crimſon cheries are.

Her Arms due meaſure of proportion have,
Her hands the types of ſnowy Excellence
VVith *Onyx* tip'd; her leggs, and feet enſlave
Our eyes, and Captive hold from falling thence:
Her whole frames equall Symetry is brave,
And to ſpectators payes a recompence:
Argus himſelf cannot diſcerne the reſt,
But I preſume the hidden beauties beſt.

THE

The Proteſtation.

Before bright *Phœbus* had his beams diſplay'd,
Whilſt yet *Aurora* uſher'd in the Day,
The prat'ling Eccho to my ears betray'd,
As I among the trees in ambuſh lay,
The amorous whiſpers of *Amintas*, who
With proteſtation did his *Cloris* wooe.

What went before I cannot tell, but ſhe
Reply'd to ſomething that *Amintas* ſay'd,
The murm'ring Eccho by the Air to me
Theſe gentle ſounds in whiſpering notes convey'd.
Alas! *Amintas* would that you could prove
To my diſtruſtfull Heart that men can love.

How oft are wee poor ſily maids beguil'd
By charmes of flattering words? when wee beleive
To break their oaths men will not be ſo vild,
Being ſo poor a conqueſt to deceive
Diſarmed virgins? when wee them reward
With Love, they'r cold, and us with ſcorn regard.

Tis beſt to keep our own, for when wee yeild
Our Hearts, men ſupplyants ſoon forget to be,
And our affections caught, with ſcorn repell'd
We are ſubjected to their tyranny:
That maid is more then mad who will be kind,
To men, who wavер oftner than the Wind.

Blame not our Natures, but your follies blame,
For we ſhould ſooner yeild were Men more true,
But ſince weak virgins to deceive no ſhame
They think; denialls Cruelty is due.
But yet *Amintas* would that you could prove
To my diſtruſtfull Heart your conſtant love.

Amintas with a ſigh reply'd. 'Tis true,
Some men are faulty in what you accuſe them,
But let not all be blamed for a few,
Nor Woemen men deſpiſe, 'cauſe ſome abuſe them.
For if I went about it, I could prove,
Men equal Weomen in a conſtant Love.

Our ſexe's cauſe I will not plead; my own
With you, ſweet *Cloris*, will I only plead,
My conſtant Love muſt by Obedience ſhown
Be; elſe I cann't be truly ſcann'd till dead:
Conſtant obedience 'tis doth rightly prove,
A Heart's poſſeſſor of a conſtant Love.

Things that the leaſt of droſſy mixture hold,
Laſt longeſt; my Hearts flames Ætherial be,
More pure than ſeven-times refined Gold,
Than *Cedar's* flames: rays of a Deitie
They are. It is the purity of Love
Which beſt of all its conſtancy can prove.

My love like *Adamant* endure the ſtroke
Of ſtrong repulſes ſhall; full draughts of ſmiles,
Nor worlds of beauties, ſhall my Heart provoke
T' inconſtant Change; nor all th' intiſing guiles
A proffer'd Love can give. The world ſhall be
Firſt chang'd, e're I yeild to Inconſtancie.

The twinkling tapours of the Night ſhall fall
Firſt from their azure lodging; *Hecate*
Shall looſe her light, and a perpetual
Mask weare of pitch; And Heav'ns bright lamp ſhall be
With darkneſſe overcome: Night into Day
Shall change; and cold *November* into *May*.

The Sun ſhall backward courſe the VVorld about,
The fire ſhall ceaſe combuſtibles to burn,
Soft gales ſhall put the flinty Rocks to rout,
And *Neptune* ſhall his fry to graſing turn,
Mountaines to Vailes; valleys to Hills ſhall riſe,
Plaines ſhall be made of Craggs that touch the Skies.

All beaſts ſhall *Metamorphoſ'd* into ſtones
Be, and all Mortalls ſhall their *exit* prove,
Tormented Souls ſhall ceaſe to fetch ſad groans,
The Heav'ns rent from their center firſt ſhall move,
E're I to thee fair *Cloris* be unkind,
Repent me of my love, or change my mind.

My Tongue may't faulter, may my lipps ne're move,
If unto other but to thee they ſhall
Make proteſtations of a Serious love!
Cloris beleive! I Heav'ns to witneſſe call!
The Maid converted joyn'd her lips to his,
Ga th'ring the firſt fruits of a greater bliſs.

The Passionate Lover,

HAd I but winde and Lungs enough to tell
How much I Love; Had I a *Stentor's* voyce,
Had I ten thousand Tongues it would doe well,
To speak how much I Love my deareſt Choyce,
Since wholly fill'd, If I ſhould not impart
Loves might, its energy would break my Heart.

Say my five ſenſes has not Love's delight
Bound all your powers with its amourous chains,
Diſarm'd your Subjects? Spoyl'd and robb'd you quite?
Can you ought reliſh but Love's pleaſing paines?
You now diſguſt all objects of this Ball,
Phillis is th' only object of you all.

When that my eye has light on *Phillis* face,
It tells my amorous Heart news good, or bad;
By which or well th' alarm'd pulſes Pace,
Or ill: my looks by it are light, or ſad:
Doth ſorrow dimm the Light of *Phillis* eye,
Joys, and Contentment from my Boſome fly.

Does threatning Anger, or diſdaine appear
Cloath'd in the Tyrian bluſhes in her Cheeks,
No Poet's art in verſe can paint my fear,
Nor th' Horror and diſmay my vitalls ſtrikes:
I dumb, and moveleſſe like a ſtatue ſhow
Struck with the Thunder of her Angry brow

The fearfull Light'ning, nor the dreadfull voyce
Of roaring Thunder, nor the horrid Night,
Nor Ghosts, nor Goblins, nor tempestuous noise
Of windes, nor Earthquakes can my senses fright,
So much as when *Phyllis* with anger glows,
And from her quick Eyes scorn-tip't Arrows throws.

If pleasing smiles sit on their rubie Throne,
If Joy is painted on her smoother brow,
My senses wrapt beyond the Sphears, are thrown
On bedds of pleasure; and forget all woe:
With lesse Content the Miser doth behold
His Stuffed Chests, and full-cram'd bags of Gold.

My Eyes devou're each smile; the more they gaze
On Hers, the more Contentment still they draw;
Her smiles the clue that leads me in that maze;
Her eyes give my obsequious Heart a Law:
For by her smiles, or Frownes I meet delight
Or Woe; or mirth or Grief; or Day or Night.

Seek all the World for pleasing objects, and
Dive to the bottom of the deepest Seas,
Fetch all the Treasures of the Indian strand,
The world's best Beauties, none my fancy please
Can, like the Heaven of a pleasing smile,
Which kills me with excesse of Joy the while.

The sparkling Diamonds of the East I prize
Below the value of her pretty Starrs,
There comes far richer glances from her eyes,
Her lipps than *Pegues*, better *Rubies* wears;
Who round the World for dainteſt Roses seeks,
May finde them growing in my *Phyllis* cheeks.

The

The richeſt Treaſures of the Earth ſeem poor;
Pearles, Gold, and Diamonds Natur's richeſt Gems,
The World's great Treaſurie, and *Neptunes* ſtore,
A Lover (ſuch as I) far leſſe eſteems
Than th' object of his Love: for more delight
Than in all theſe I take in *Phyllis* ſight.

But when the ſweeter Muſick of her tongue,
Like the bleſt voyce of Angels, ſtrikes my ears,
I harken us to Oracles; a ſtrang
Lute in the hands of *Orpheus*; the Spheares
Sweet Melody; the ſmooth tongu'd Orator,
Seem but a duller Harmonie to Her.

She charms me to a ſtatue, and amaz'd
With ſo much Eloquence, dumb I return
No anſwers but by eyes; my ſoul is rais'd
Beyond the ſphear of Words: though joy'd I mourn
To hear her pauſe, or periodize her ſpeech:
I then her to begin ag'in beſeech.

When in the ſweeteſt quavers of a ſong
Her voyce ſhe raiſes, and with matchleſſe ſtraines
Runs o're diviſion with her warbling Tongue;
Hearts ſhe (as ſtones *Amphion*'s muſick) gaines.
Harps, Harpſicall, all Violls, Organes, Lute,
Trumpets, and all noyſe elſe for ſhame be mute.

Ceaſe duller ſtraines, all other voyces ceaſe,
Sweet *Philomel*, I pre'thee hold thy tongue;
You early Larkes, and Thruſhes hold your peace;
The beſt of Muſick, and of Birds among
The humane, and the feather'd Chores, your choyce
Layes, rev'rence doe unto her ſweeter voyce.

Though

Though all the Muſick in the World ſhould be
By Muſick-maſters of the rareſt kinde
Finger'd, my eares would taſte no Harmonie,
No joy my ſoul, nor no content my mind,
(Nor the *Angelick* Songs by me I feare
So priz'd) like that when I her Sonnets hear.

Had Sickneſs priſon'd me in my Chamber long,
Or bound with cloſer fetters to my Bed,
As ſome by muſick cur'd, I by a Song
Chaunted by her divine mouth, ſhould be fed
With that Ambroſiack Eſſence, that would give
Eaſe to my paines, and dying make me live.

My Ear then raviſh'd equal with my eye,
'Counts all ſounds harſh, but her ſweet Muſick, and
Commands all others to her melody
To vaile, and to her notes attentive ſtand;
As high *Apollo* to the Muſes, ſhe
(Or *Philomel* 'mong other Birds) muſt be.

The fragrant blaſts of ſpicy Arabie,
Panchæan Myrrh, Muſk, Civet, Ambergreece,
All the perfumes of *Indian* Spicerie,
Muſt to the Sweetneſs of her breath give place:
Flora's ſweet garlands in the Month of *May*,
No ſuch delicious gales of ſweetneſs pay.

My Soul, as if exhal'd by her ſweet breath,
Flies to that membrane which receieves the ſent,
Raiſing the ſluggiſh fantaſie from Death,
Revives the braine, and gives my *Genius* vent:
The cheriſhing Odors her ſweet *Hybla* yields,
Excel the *Diapaſma's* of the fields.

My ſoul upon no other food can feed,
But the rich Banquet, and delicious fare
Of her ſweet preſence, when before her ſpread;
Then eas'd from trouble, free from duller care
She feeds: the Stomach can no dainties taſt,
Nor hunger, whilſt this better Banquet laſts.

When that with ardent boldneſſe I aſpire
To touch with my profaner lips, her hand,
I think no bliſſes, in the World are higher,
No joys to that in competition ſtand:
My ſoul enflam'd, into my lips doth fly,
Whilſt on that bed of Lillies ſoft they lye.

But when (a favour, ſeldome ſhown) I kiſs
The ſeat of ſmiles, her tender rubie lips,
Joye ſpirits dilates, and I expire in bliſſe;
Call'd back again from Death by an eeclips
Of ſo great raviſhment, through a withdraw,
As much as Joy did, grief now breaks the Law.

Thus my five ſenſes banquet at that feaſt
Of beauty, which ſhines in my *Phillis* face;
My paſſionate Heart ſwells high within my breaſt,
And grows too tumid for its ſtrickt embrace,
Oh! cloud my *Phillis*! hide her from my eye,
Of too much pleaſure I with ſurfeit dye.

CORYDONS

Complaint.

THoſe joys that us'd to flatter me
Ô *Phyllis* when I courted thee,
Under yon' ſhady beechen tree
To cruell grief are chang'd

Torments my pleaſures ; griefs my joy,
Pains my quiet reſt deſtroy,
Since thou'rt to *Corydon* grown coy,
And from my Love eſtrang'd

Did e're I your commands neglect ?
That thus my ſute you now reject,
And pay my love with diſreſpect,
My kindneſs with diſdain ?

Say how I purchace may releiſe,
Or murther'd muſt I be by grief ?
Speak that my torments may be brief ;
Give death to eaſe my pain.

If you are pleas'd to martyr me,
Or binde me unto ſlavery,
There is another tyranny
That you may exerciſe;

Thoſe burning flames, your eyes can give:
A Slave, bound by Loves Chaines I live
May, without Hope of a reprieve;
Thus you may tyrannize.

Since that my words are ſpent in vain,
Whileſt Cruel you laugh at my pain,
I at the feet of your diſdain
Will fall, and proſtrate lye.

Henceforth I'le baniſh all my pleaſure,
Since you the chiefeſt of my Treaſure,
Have heap'd my Griefs beyond all Meaſure,
I'le yield to deſtiny.

To

To SYLVIA Weeping.

FAir *Sylvia*, you poſſeſs more Treaſures than
The rubie *Eaſt*; thoſe weeping eyes more Gems
Than the rich Store-houſe of the Ocean,
For you at pleaſure can thoſe Chryſtal ſtreams
Which trickle from the fountaines of your eyes
Convert int' orient pearls; but richer prize.

What taking charmes lye in your ſweeter Face,
When freed from cloudy-weeping Griefs you ſmile
With a clear brow! If tears with ſuch a grace
Become? if ſo much luſtre has the foile
To Beauty? what exceſs of Glory then
Will bud from thoſe ſweet lights when fair agen?

Now the (like ſilver'd *Cynonthia*'s beauty, when
The interpoſing Earth hides her bright face)
Doſt ſuffer an Eccliplſe; thy tears reſtrain
Thy beauties radiant beams; Tears fill the place
Of bounteous Light; yet is that ſhadow fair;
Others with which (at beſt) may not compare.

Phœbus now hides behind a watery cloud
His brighter head; by which we better may
Gaze on his Light: thy ſuns (fair *Sylvia*) ſhroud
Themſelves behind a cloud of Tears to day;
Out of like kindneſs, and ſuppreſs their bright
And ſplendid beams, to favour my weak ſight.

Enough, fair *Sylvia*! clear thoſe *Cynthian* Lights,
From that eccliplſe of ſorrow; wipe away

That

That hanging cloud of Tears; which ſtill excites
Your ſtillborne Grief ſuch pearly price to pay:
VVere you enflam'd with ſcorching Love, as I,
Its ardor ſoon thoſe dewy pearls would dry.

After *Aurora* with her ſilver ſhowers
Has waſh'd her Grandame *Tellus* chapped face,
A pleaſant *Zephyrus* the dark Heaven ſcoures,
And *Sol* ſteps out with a far greater Grace:
After a Storm fair weather doth ſucceed;
Let ſable Grief your whiter Joys then breed.

I long to ſee thoſe fairer Suns to ſhine,
Freed from the dewy moiſture of a Tear,
Now they would ſeem (after this) more divine,
As *Phœbus* after an eclips more clear:
Let Day the Night ſucceed, and ceaſe to mourn,
Baniſh Grief's night, whilſt Joy's day takes its turn.

THYRSIS *in deſpaire.*

SAd night of ſorrow! ſable night of grief!
For Lovers torments is there no releif?
Muſt ſtill my bitter food be grief, and fears?
My thirſt quench'd howerly with my brinie tears?
No glimmering of the Day of hope ariſe!
Nothing but darkneſs muffle up the skies
From my numm'd ſight? I in the Bed of care
Do roul; diſtreſs behems me round; diſpaire
Like curtains ſhuts me up. Come pale fac'd Hag,
And let not leaden plummets make thee lag:
With open arms I doe embrace thy Dart,
Which can give phyſick to my wounded Heart.
They ſay grief that deſcends to words is weak
Mine is grown ſo I can no farther ſpeak.
But by my Death I to *Corinna* prove
Will, that ſhe tryumphs o're me and my Love.

ABSENCE.

Such is the melancholly Earth, when light
Flies thence, and leaves its room to sable night;
When darkness, Cold and Shadows dwell upon
Her Surface; some pale glimerings of the Moon
Is all she can expect; a mourner then
She is 'till *Phœbus* brings his day agen:
Such is the matchless, mateless Turtle Dove,
Sighing its murmurs for its absent Love:
Such is the body when the Soul is fled:
Such *Pyramus* supposing *Thisbe* dead:
Such the male Palm the female broken down,
As I am now, my fairest *Sylvia*'s gon.
My wither'd Head declines apace, my green
And growing youth to sprout no more is seen.
My blood's grown cold, and frozen; every limb
As if it wanted heat, and life doth seem.
My hoarse complaints the very rocks do move,
Who eccho the last accents of my Love.
A silent night inhabits my sad breast,
And now no chearful thought will be my guest.
Till her return, whose eyes will cause a day,
Thus must I in my own unquiet stay;
Wishing for the bright morning, which must rise
From th' Luminaries of fair *Sylvia*'s eyes.

DAPHNIS *Fled.*

I'Le eccho in the tell-tale groves
Lycidas and *Daphnis* Loves
Now ſhe has left this place;
Goe grave names in the tender rinde
VVhiſper my trouble to the VVinde,
He'l tell where *Daphnis* ſtays:

Send kiſſes by the Soft lipp'd aire,
Begg charming *Philomel* to ſtay her
VVith raptures of her voyce:
Bid *Zephyrus* gently hold her back;
Smooth fronted ſand to ſhew her track,
That thus forſakes her choyce.

Not all the charmes the ſpring affords,
The pleaſures of delicious gourds,
Flora's enamell'd dreſs,
Or what is beautifull and fair,
Or what delights above compare,
Can ſorrow diſpoſſeſs.

For Nature now's unkind to me,
And my requeſt denies I ſee,
For *Daphnis* will away,
In vain I prattle out my plaints,
She cannot hear my loud laments,
Nor would they cauſe her ſtay.

By yonder ſpring down will I lye,
VVhilſt one as great flows from my eye,

To

To mingle with its ſtream
Till her return, thence I'le not move
But weep the abſence of my Love,
VVith waves as great as them

If my ſoul flyes out in a tear,
And ſhe returnes, and that you hear
Her call a loud for me,
Good *Nymph* that anſwers him that ſpeaks,
Say if that *Lycidas* ſhe ſeeks,
Hee's joyn'd to *Niobe*.

TO

To LUCIA *playing on her* LUTE.

GReat *Orpheus* when he ſtruck his Ivory Lyre,
Drew all the Savage Creatures to admire
The ſweetneſſe of his charming Muſick; and
Forgetting their fierce natures tamely ſtand.
The *Wolfe*, *Lamb*, *Lyon*, and the *Kid* agree
To Love, whilſt charm'd by his ſweet harmonie.
Stones move themſelves call'd by *Amphion's* Lute,
And *Thebes* build, without man's hands to do't:
Yet faireſt *Lucia* when I heard you play,
I ſoon confeſs you have more skill than they:
Your fingers ſtrike a far diviner ſtrain,
And mens Hearts harder than the ſtones you gain.
Brute Beaſts when *Orpheus* play'd ſtood ſtill and gaz'd;
When you, ſtiff-necked men are more amaz'd.
He could unreaſonable beaſts controule,
But you command a reaſonable Soul,
For men more fierce than cruell *Tigers*, lay
Their necks down, and like captives yok'd obey.
Who then to bondage powerfull'ſt captives drew?
Orpheus tam'd beaſts, a harder task, Men you.

Another.

ANOTHER.

WHen laſt I heard your nimble fingers play
Upon your Lute, nothing ſo ſweet as they
Seem'd; all my ſoul fled raviſh'd to my ear,
That ſweetly animating ſound to hear.
My raviſh'd Heart with play Kept equal time,
Fell down with you, with you did *Ela* climbe,
Grew ſad or lighter, as the tunes you plai'd,
And with your Lute a perfect meaſure made:
If all ſo much as I, your Muſick Love,
The whole world would at your devotion move,
And at your ſpeaking Lutes ſurpaſſing charmes,
Embrace a laſting peace, and fling by Arms.

To CELIA on some verses sent her by another.

DEar Fair if that some riper wit
In rapt of some poetick fit
To ease the fancy of his brain
Writ of Love, and Love shall fain,
Shall those lines acceptance have?
Not those indited by thy slave?
Whose troubled brains no muses move,
But the darling God of Love.
If my lines you 'Count a toy
You know Cupid is a boy,
Yet his trifles often finde
Fair acceptance from the kinde;
Such are they whose search doth sift
The givers mind above the guift.
Let others write to shew their wit,
When I; Love shall be Cause of it.

On Love.

LOve is a fire, Love is a flame
Which darting came
Th'orow the azure skie;
And just like the rays, in Sol's hotteſt days
peire'd me from on high.

My heart before ſo chill, and cold,
'gan to unfold
It ſelf in thoſe fair beams,
But its mighty flame, ſoon it overcame
Martyr'd 'twixt extreams.

Lov's maſterleſſe, and cruell fire
if it grow higher
Will kill with martyrdoms,
As heat forceth heat, to a gentle retreat
Love, Love overcomes.

Song.

ASke me not why I am ſo ſad, nor why I here
The Nymps forbear,
Do with my Arms a Croſſe walk in this grove?
Within the hollow concave of my troubl'd breaſt
Which never reſts
Lies the true cauſe, and my tormentor Love.
'Tis jealous fear, cauſes my care,
And burthens thus my Love-ſick Heart,
I fear that ſhe, my deitie
Delights to ſee my ſmart;
For ſtill ſhe frowns, and Knitts her brows
And doth abhorr my Company,
Whilſt *Lycon* Courts her, with her ſports,
I dare not do't though by.
O cruell fair! why doſt thou thus delight to kill
Thy ſlave who will
Whilſt he has life adore thee? and will be
Courted by none for to neglect his duty, though
you are his foe
And with tormenting pains would murther me.
And ſince that you, forbid me ſue
Or ask for mercy, I will ne'r
With my complaints, and ſad laments
In vain diſturb your ear;
No, death will doe as much as Love hath don
With's dart he'l peirce me through;
Death will be found, to Cure that wound
Which *Cælia* would not doe.

DAMON *to a foul Maid that courted him.*

WHat mean'ſt thou *Bacca*, Can my ſenſes feaſt
Upon the members of a parboyl'd Beaſt ?
What boariſh appetite thinkſt thou I have
That thou ſhouldſt court me, who'd firſt wed a grave,
And death hug in my Arms, then ſuch a hag,
Whoſe hide pouch'd like a ſhrivl'd pudding-bag,
Reaks like another *Ætna* ; thy ſous'd face
And hawkle noſe has not ſo good a grace
As Madam monkies ; few Hairs on thy ſcalpe,
Thy mouth is *Tænarus*, thy Teeth an alpe,
But that no ſnow, but ſoot lyes always there,
In other parts like a deformed Bear
Not yet lick'd into faſhion. Think'ſt thou Man
Not turned Beaſt, forſake his reaſon can
To fall int' ſuch a ſink : Thon ſtinking Trull
Thou muſt like *Paſiphae* lie with a Bull,
Or couple with a boare thy next of kin ;
For never hope you Man can tempt to ſin,
For he that do'ſt it, were I to judge his pain,
Should be (and 'tis enough) to do't again.

To

To LYDIA being retired privately into the Country.

NOw to the ſecret Groves is *Lydia* gone
Stoll'n from us all, meaning to live alone
Among the ſilent woods, where ſhe may be
From buſie ſervants entertainments free,
And hear the pleaſant ſongſters of the Groves,
With whiſtling layes reſound their growing Loves:
With uncontrouling freedom view the trammells
Of *Flora* which the fragrant meads inammels,
With pleaſure walke and ſee the cryſtall brooks,
Catching the ſportive fiſh, with ſilver hooks.
Converſing with the flowry *Napææ*,
Making diverſity of flow'rs agree
Bound up together: 'mong the ſhady trees
Daunce in a Circle, with the *Dryades*,
Feeding on cleanly, though but homely food,
Eſteem'd the only Goddeſs of the wood.
O how I fear thoſe rural pleaſures may
Entice her there to make a tedious ſtay,
But I with vows will Frosty Hyems move,
To haſt the ruines of the leavy grove;
Pray cold mout'h *Boreas* kiſs her tender cheek,
To make her ſhelter in the town to ſeek,
VVhere converſation, and warm fires do bring
Though froſt without doors lies; within a ſpring.

Poema Valedictorium Perdilecto intimoque Suo amico transfretura.

ALas! what fate (or rather providence)
Is this (dear C) unthought of rapt's thee hence?
What makes thee leave this Isle, and seas pass o're
To seek the blessings of a forrain shore?
Cann't ours content thee? yea but thy free hand
Transports the panneous blessings of our land,
And (for exchange bring's back what ours hath none
Of,) by exoticks to inrich our own.
Since then it is for publique good, and thine,
That thou leav'st us, it must needs be for mine.
I'le not complain, since truly one friend shou'd
Suffer disasters for another's good,
And this is one (and that of no mean weight)
That thee, and I, (dear C—— must separate.)

Vota Auspicata.

Farewell! farewell! may fruitefull *Neptune* please
To sound retreat unto the surging seas,
By *Triton's* voyce! may his resounding shell,
The threatning rage of all the billows quell.
May great *Oceanus*, and *Tridentifer*
(Lest in th' envious liquid pathes you erre)
Be your conductors; Let the Sea-Gods place,
Themselves about your ship for greater grace.
May *Amphetrite* and the *Neriedes*
With all the Gods, and graces of the seas,
Assembling sing *Io-pæans* to thy Honour,
And may the sea for joy thou rid'st upon her
Expres's't with gentle leapings! May the twinns
Be never seen apart! The God of winds
Great *Æolus*, may he reflateing gales
Enchaine within th' *Hyperborean* vales!

And

And let none 'Scape but *Aura's* from his hand
To drive you forward to your wiſh'd-for land!
May glorious *Titan* pleaſant make the dayes,
And gild the Sea, with his projected rayes!
Serener nights attend you! may the bright
Phœbe, at full, give you her borrow'd light!
May *Mercurie* th' Negotiators God
Attend you too, with his *Cyllenian* rod,
And cauſe your gains ariſeing from the fleece
Of *Engliſh* Sheep, Surmount that brought to *Greece*
By *Jaſon's* hand! May theſe on you therefore
Attend and bring you ſafe to this bleſt ſhore.

Vero Panomphæo.

Thou thou true *Neptune* who the ſeas command'ſt,
Without a Trident ſtill the billows can'ſt,
And with one ſingle word make all obay
Whether in Heav n, in Earth, Hell, Land, or Sea!
Take thou my C—— under thy ſafe protection,
Guide him and favour 'im, with thy ſure direction,
And he'le not fear the threat'ning of the waves
Anchoring his hope upon a God that ſaves.
Be thou propitious to my prayers, and then
I ſhall be ſure to ſee him once agen.

Coronis.

Fare well, dear C—— I wiſh you well, adiew!
My tears ſtop words, once more farewell to you.

Soſpitet Te Deus: Opt. max.

Epigram.

Stay *Triton*, hold your breath, and o're the main
Conduct my C——reduce him ſafe again
To *Albion's* ſhore: then ſound your ſhell, brave boy,
And make the waves leap to the skies for joy.

The

THE DEPART.

ADieu ſweet *Chloris*, for the Fates deny
Me longer life and longer liberty.
I'ave loſt the one in gazing on that face,
Which juſtly may oth *Paphian* Queen take place
To thee my liberty's reſign'd the grave
Tomb ſhall beſpeak me *Chloris* conſtant ſlave.
How can I longer think to live when I
Raviſh'd from the clear Sun-ſhine of thine eye
Feel chilling colds; and winter froſts begin
Continually with fatal blaſts my heart?
No'tis thoſe beams, which thy bright eyes diſplay
That muſt diſpell, and chace theſe ſnows away,
That killing abſence brings: nought but thy breath
May now redeem me from the dart of Death.
But there's no hopes, no other hopes but I
Baniſh't your preſence, muſt reſolve to dye:
Cloris adeiu! for ever now adeiu,
For dye I muſt be'ng forc'd to part with you.

TYSTIRUS *complaining.*

BReak ſadded heart, burſt thou with griefs complaint
Let thy laments
The hardeſt marble unto tears provoke:
Make flints to weep
Increaſe the deep
With drops expreſſed from that cruell ſtroke.

Wounded I lye, and ſuffer from that hand
That gave the wound
Unto my bleeding Soul. And from thoſe eyes.
Light'nings proceed
Which ſtrike me dead
Nor w'thout ſhe raiſe me can I ever riſe.

Torment of cruell ſilence breeds this woe
I undergoe;
My tongue is fetter'd, and I dare not ſpeak
Although my heart
Feels deadly ſmart
And ſwell'd with ſorrow at the laſt muſt break.

But here's a joy which feeds my ſadded mind
None hath divin'd
The cauſe of my ſadneſſe and diſtreſs,
Firſt ſhall my Love
My murther prove
Before, to wrong her, I my Love confeſs.

Damon

Damon *on* Amarillis *dancing in a Ring*

SEE my fortune; See my fortune
How ſhe flyes me
And denys me
Wo alas! wo alas too ſoon
Still I follow! ſtill I follow!
But ſhe flyes me
And denys me
And cannot be wonn.
Cruel ſport; In this ſort
With woes to fill me
Which will kill me
Ah! from this pain releaſe me.
For whilſt ſhe flys, my eyes
They diſcover
I'm a lover
And that it is her ſelf muſt eaſe me.
Round we go, round we goe,
But ſhe flys me
And denys me
Still I follow wrapt in woe.
She moves ſwiftly, and yet ſweetly
Don't forſake me
I'le o're take thee
If thou wilt pity beſtow.
Cruel ſport, in this ſort!
To increaſe my fires
And deſires
And to exhibit my deſpaire:
She Shifts her place, apace
I after move
Being urg'd by Love
But in vain ſtill my endeavours are.

Achroſtick.

Acroſtick.

FEar-killing Faith, Bold-zeal, declares thy name,
Art pick't it out but nature lai'd the frame.
If ever name and nature did agree,
'Tis thine which are in perfect Harmonie:
Heav'n-bleſſed Faith, which ſhakes th' *Æthereal* towers
C
old-burning zeal 'gainſt Heav'n-oppoſeing powers
Offer themſelves to view: Thy virgin breaſt
Loves Heav'n alone, doth ſordid Loves deteſt.
Death cannot ſhake thy Faith, nor ever may

Zeal like to thine, a purer breaſt diſplay.
Eternal flames of Heav'n-refined zeal
And ſoreing Faith, thou in thy breaſt do'ſt feel,
Live ever happy! Faith and zeal with thee
E're ſtay, t' effect this thy name's Propheſie.

Acroſtick.

AGe bles't I hope thou art: May many years
Run their ſwift courſes, and the rouling ſpheres
Tire in their motions; May the circl'ing Sun
About this round globe th'row the zodiack run
Giving a hund'red ſprings and Autumns e're
Earth or the Silent grave entomb thee there.
Bles't be thou here with Age: with vertues more,
Let graces, with thy years encreaſe; thy ſtore
E're multiply: So as thou haſt begun
Shine thou in vertue till thy race be run:
Death fear to touch this blooming bloſſom; Now
In *Aprill* ſtay untill *December* bow
Her head with age and mak't the earth to kiſs;
Ope then thy fatal arms: bear her to bliſs.
Pluck her from hence, 'fore Age doth call thee to her,
E're curs'd be, for thou pulls the worlds cheif flower.

The Recovery.

HAil gentle virgin! now my joys renew
Their plumes, for they were Sick as well as you,
And had you dy'd they had been buried too.

How oft betwixt my hope, and fear I dy'd;
Each ſymptom that my watchfull eyes eſpied,
My heart with thouſand Torments crucify'd.

When ſcarlet feas did double dye thy face,
Mine pal'd to ſee how ſtrong thy feaver was,
How great a Tyrant to uſurp that place.

When thou grewſt pale I even ſunk for fear
Leſt Death's cold aſhes had been ſtrowed there,
Or that, that Tyrant came to dominere.

When thou did'ſt ſound, my heart was made a prize,
To pallid fear, nor could it ever riſe,
Till hope to raiſe it ſprouted from thine eyes.

My heart yet trembles, now I think upon't,
The thoughts oft with pale ſadneſs paint my front:
Thou liv'ſt: ſuch mercies e're forget I wo'nt.

My Muſe did languiſh by a Sympathy,
As if her life depended had on thee,
It ſeems thine was her numbers Treaſurie.

Diſtreſs'd ſhe ſat in Mourning Liveries,
Whilſt the clear Fountaines of her cryſtal eyes,
Wept in ſoft Tears moſt dolefull Elegies.

As thy cheeks *Hyacinths* o'recome their snows,
As vanquish'd are their *Lillies*, by the Rose,
So on my muse new heat and vigor grows.

This Day mythought thy starry orbs were prest
With wonted lustre: and new beauties drest
Thy Face: which gave flames to my Muses breast.

Inspired thus she now begins to sing,
New ardors now her spritely Numbers wing,
And as thy health doth, so her raptures spring.

Both consecrated are my Muse, and I,
To sing the bliss of thy recovery,
And chaunt Iö *Pæans* untill we dye.

May Heav'n as he has raisd thee from the Dead,
(Whose Name be blest!) his mighty bucklar spread,
From Death's fell arrows to defend thy Head.

Daine but to cherish (with a gentle glance
Of Favour shot from thy bright countenance)
These lines, and it my Numbers will advance.

Such mercies cannot but my spirits raise,
In highest Notes to chaunt my sprightly lays,
And for thy Health to Heav'n sing songs of prayse.

Innocentia & *Politia.* — *Veritas* & *Panurgia.*

WHen that *Astrea* took her flight from hence,
To find in *Heav'n* a better residence,
Dame *Innocentia* wanting her protection
Was scorn'd of all: And *Pollicy's* infection
Spreading th'row Cities, Courts, and such great places
Expos'd that *Dame* to thousands of disgraces.
Sly *Subtlety* the *Merchant* entertains,
Deceit the *Trades-man*, to encrease his gains,
The *Great man Honor*; that vain puf'd-up *Pride*,
With *covetousnesse* of every one; beside
Protean Policy, whose great resort,
Is in the City, and the *Prince's* Court,
Wherein *Deceit* so often doth frequent,
That *Dame's* inseparable *accident*:
But *Innocence*, of *all men* was discarded,
Her nackednesse laugh'd at and disregarded.
At last a *Country-man*, whose smoother brow
Ne'r entertain'd *Deceit*; nor's mouth knew how
With flatt'ring words to speak; with Court intent
To utter that thing which his *Heart* ne'r meant,
But being taught of *Truth* his words to spell,
His *Heart*, and *Tongue* rann ever *parallel*:
He 'Spies this naked *Dame's* distresse with ruth,
Invites *her* with him to go dwell with *Truth*:
She soon consenting, thankes him for his pity.
And bids *adiew* both to the *Court* and *City*.

The ſtately buildings of the *Court* ſhe ſhuns,
Thence ſwifter than the *Eaſtern-wind* ſhe runs,
Far from the *City*, and th' infectious *Court*
She finds where *Truth* is wonted to reſort:
Met, they as *Siſters* joyn, delighting ſo
That never ſince they would aſſunder goe,
Their *cottage* low (free from all Courtly ſtate)
Strong-built on *holy ground* is Scituate:
Two moats ſurrounding mak't an *Amnick* Iſle,
The better to keep forth *Deceit* and *Guile*,
A ſtrong-built *Wall* doth it defend, whoſe *Gate*,
Like that of heav'n is made *an guſt* and ſtrait,
That every one who is admitted there
Mayn't enter if *Deceitfull cloaths* they were;
For *Truth* gives entrance unto none, but thoſe
Who'r *naked* like her ſelf; or elſe whoſe cloathes
Prove *tegments* for to hide *Truths* parts divine,
From the perverting Eyes of muzling *Swine*.
Within the cloſure of *Truth's* cottage wall
No high *Ambition* that aſpires (a fall)
No twy-fac'd *Guile*, no *Diſcord*, and no *Pride*,
Are by theſe *Dames* permitted to reſide:
But Love and *Meekneſſe*, and ſuch Heav'nly *Graces*
Cohabit ſtill in thoſe *ſerener* places.
The Shadowie Groves with a *perpetual ſpring*,
Sweet *Philomel* makeing the woods to ring,
With other birds peirch'd on the tender ſprays,
Whoſe notes from warbling Throats ſalute the Days
Approach; whoſe *trebles* to the murm'ring water
According, make ſweet *Muſick* to their *Maker*,
Maketh as if the *Earth* in *Heav'n* were plac'd
Or *Heavn* deſcended *Earth* with's Joys had grac'd,
Such is the *ſtate*, (and far more full of *bliſs*)
Where *truth* conjoyn'd to *Innocency* is.

Thus

Thus dwell theſe *Nymps* enriched with the Treaſures
Of rurall joyes, and of *Cæleſtial* Pleaſures,
Uſeing to travel all the *Country* round,
'Till the ſtrange *ecchoes* of the Trumpets ſound,
'Till *Mars* with blood bedy'd, and horror fell,
Affrighted them back to their cloſer *cell*:
Deceit, and *Guile*, and *Policy* then flew,
VVith ſpeedy feet about the *Country* too
VVhere they increaſed ſo their *Progenie*,
That never Since the *country* could be free,
So that pure *Truth*, and *Innocentia* fair,
Unto ſome ſecret place, confined are.
But now when Hyem's frosty ſnow-beard ſwelld
VVith chilling cold; and neveous mantles held
The *world* enwrapt; and Mountain tops did ſhow
Their lofty Heads encircl'd round with ſnow,
Dame Innocentia cloathed all in *White*,
Her uſual *Badg*, Steals from her ſecret *ſite*;
Leaving the *Countrey* to the *Court* ſhe *goes*,
To view the *Quarters* of her bitter *foes*.
B'ing thither come, the firſt ſhe met was *Guile*,
VVhoſe clothing made that ſpotleſſe *Dame* to ſmile,
For like to her in every thing ſhe ſeem'd,
So that moſt men her *Innocentia* deem'd:
Look what ſhe wore *Guile* ever wore the ſame,
And counterfeited ſtill that purer *dame*.
In pure *White Garments* was ſhe dec't, the ſnow
Could not than ſhe a colour purer ſhow:
But ſhe whoſe *eyes* peirc'd her baſe covering,
Saw her all *bloached* with foul ſpots within,
And th'row her plaſter'd *White*, and *painted face*
Saw that with all men ſhe *uſurp'd* her *place*.
The next ſhe met with was *Dame Policie*,
VVho with a thouſand ſhapes deludes the eye,

Her

Her cloaths were *changeable*, and her *diſguiſe*
To ev'ry colour would *Camelionize*,
Her ſhapes ſo divers and her forms ſo many
That none could truly ſay that ſhe had any.
Her hand-maid *Guile* who ſtill attends upon her
Bowing her Head full low unto her *Honor*
Held up her *train*, when that ſhe neer was come
She thus ſalutes her, *Dame* we have no roome
To lodge you here, our bedds are all implete,
Nor may this *court*, for you become a ſeat,
For your *carbaſious* tegment, which doth vie
For whiteneſſe with the ſnow, cannot come nigh
Our ſullied garments, but it ſhews our ſtains
And *Truths* perſpective ſhews to all our blains,
Our *albeous Garments* ſeem as white as thine,
Our *Laws* ſeem *holy*, our *decrees divine*,
If thou art abſent ; but if thou art by
Our *white* ſhews *black*, our ſeeming *truth*'s a *lye*,
Our *Laws* deceitfull, and it doth appear,
Our Kingdom falls if thou remaineſt here.
My neece Ambition cannot be diſplac'd,
Her Siſter flatt'ry 'ld think her ſelf diſgrac'd,
Should I diſlodge them for your ſake, they'd ſnuff,
And pride would think you were not fine enough :
But adulation who her words can change
T' as various ſhapes as there are humours ſtrange
Shall entertain you, and with Speeches fair
Shall fill you full, if you'l be fill'd with air.
VVe two are inconſonant ; we cann't agree,
I you oppoſe, you'r oppoſite to me,
And 'tis as hard for us to joyn (it clear is)
As pale fac'd Famine to conjoyn with *Ceres*,
I am not wont apertly thus to ſpeak,
However now my mind I truly break

To

To you, and tell you, ſe'ing we cann't agree,
That you muſt hence, and leave this place for me.
Contraries cann't *conjoyn*, we here no room
Have, therefore pray depart from whence you come.
Dame Innocentia ſoon perceiv'd, the *place*
Nothing afforded to her but *diſgrace*,
And *ſcorn*, therefore leſt thence ſhe ſhould be thruſt
And her white *garments* ſpoyled with the *duſt*,
And *ſtains* of *ſin*, the *court* unto her foes
She leaves with ſpeed (while *Guile dirt* at her throws)
And to *truths cottage*, where ſhe was *before*
Returns; and *vows* to ſee the Court no more.

Aula procul Innocentiâ.

An Elegy on the matchleſs Murther of Charls *the Firſt of Happy and Bleſſed Memory.*

SInce *Brittains* great *Apollo* left the land,
Laurells are blaſted, and dejected ſtand;
Poets are dumb-ſtruck, and amaz'd to ſee
So ſtrange, unutterable Prodigie,
Charles forc'd to ſwim in his own ſacred Gore
From this accurs'd, to an immortal Shore,
So that none dares, all ſtruck with ſilent dread,
To ſay, Much leſſe to ſing that *Charles* is dead.
For many months my Soul and Blood was froze,
Till Anger thaw'd this Ice, and Zeal aroſe
Through all my Veins, which gave me Liberry
To weep out firſt, then write an Elegy.
Lame, and unequal as the woful times
Painted with Sighs, and Tears, muſt run my rithmes,
For who can, ſtruck with ſo much grief, erect
A Verſe, but in a faultring Dialect?
He muſt forget the rugged times the while,
That can indite ought in a polliſht ſtile.
Who will not bluſh, and fire his Face with Shame,
That thinks by Verſe t' immortalize that Name,
Which charactrized in our Rithmes, will give
Life to our Lines, and make our Fumes to live,
Whilſt *Charles* ſhall flouriſh in mans memory,
Which ſhall till times ſupp'd up b' Eternity
Bee? Royal *Phœbus* gains no ray of Light
By mortals praiſes; he 'tis gives them Sight,
So *Brittains* Son, ſhall never live by verſe,
But Men and Rithmes, whilſt they his Name reherſe
Shall flouriſh; for the Theme theſe ſhall be read,
And live ſoul'd by him, tho' himſelf be dead.
Dead! ah more! murthered, and martyr'd too,
By curſed hands (who once their deed ſhall rue)

That

That by Pretext of guilt and crimes do draw
To th' block of Death the Head of Church and Law;
Both fell with thee great Monarch, when that Fate
Made thee a Martyr of the Church and State.
The Earth and all her mighty Monarchs ſtand
Amaz'd, and drooping dare not now command,
Benumm'd their Fingers cann't the Scepter ſway,
Kings cannot rule, nor people well obay,
Since by thy Death the Soul of Monarchie
Has ſuffer'd, and the Head of Majeſtie
Chopp'd off; no King now thinks himſelf ſecure
Since Laws (the Walls where Princes did immure
Themſelves from vulgar rage) are wreſted ſo
That murthers iſſue whence Juſtice us'd to flow.
Aſham'd and bluſhing Princes ſtand, to ſee
Themſelves, and regal acts outdone by thee,
To ſee the Glory of thy ſetting Sun
Damp all the luſtre of their ſplendid Noon.
Heav'n, and the Lamp of day, Nights Tapors tell
England, that they an Act to parrallel
Its bloody deed, ne'r yet beheld; thy Stage
O raging Iſles! the wonder of this Age,
And thou ſhalt bluſh dy'd with a Tyrian Stain,
(Unleſs thou waſh it quickly off again
By ſome notorious Act, as great as good,
And take away the ſtains of blood, with blood)
And be the ſcorn of Nations, whilſt the Sun
Shall in the twelve roads of the Zodiack Run.
No Pen can reach to words ſufficient
To ſpeak thy Death; no Elegy lament
Thy fatal loſs can in a ſtrain that's fit,
The more we ſtrive the more fall ſhort of it,
For thou 'rt a Theme too great for thoughts, much leſſe
Can weaker words ſpeak thee; o'r unhappineſſe

In floods of brinie tears wee'l ever tell,
And loyal hearts shall make the Ocean swell
With sighs; which will at last bring judgement down,
And 'wake th' Almightie's Justice for his own.
Rebells think not 'twas his o're-weight of sin
That press'd him down, alive he still had been,
But for the Nations crimes; we first his life
Took from him by our sins, then with the knife.
God for a Notion's sins oft dealeth so,
Takes off the Righteous, lets the wicked go,
In mercy to the first, to set them free
From following plagues, and suddain jeopardie.
So our yet bleeding Monarch was a gem
Too good for us, and we too bad for him.
Although the murtherers grant no monument
Crown'd Heroe! Fame his hasty missives sent
To all Earth's Monarchs! who allready have,
Counting the VVorld two little for thy grave,
Rear'd up a pyramis of high renown,
VVhich shall out-last the longest Monarchs crown,
VVhere long-live'd Fame upon its summit sings
The fatal trag'die of the best of Kings:
In vaulting thee so close, think let them not
That e're their Regicede shall be forgot,
For though thou hidden under ground dost lye,
Their Names above ground rot, and ne'r shall dye.
God turns Hells spiteful Arrows on his head,
The world Salvation gain'd, Christ Crucified,
And murther'd *Charles* the Name of Martyr gains:
Tho' Life and three Crowns lost: more now remains
For him a Life immortal, and a Crown,
Of Shining Glory, and of high Renown.
Which spight of Rebels Acts, though he be Dead,
Shall now for ever Crown His Royal Head.

THE END.